Romanticstory of an undersea boat designed to remain beneath the surface for weeks, with the beautiful daughter of the inventor aguring as the heroine in thrilling situa-

> Countett 1916 to S. Alexandro Francis I SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

FIFTEENTH EPISODE.

AM Miss Burke," said Cleo, addressing the driver of the closed taxicab which she found standing at the curb in front of her hotel. "In this the car Lieut, Hope sent for me?" "Yes'm," replied the man, a short thick-set fellow, whose features were effectually concealed by the upturned collar of pair of goggles and a visored cap which was pulled down over his face. "He said I was to drive you to the Cliff House and he'd meet you

Park. Instead of keeping to the thoroughfare, however, the driver, when well into the park, turned down one of the innumerable branch drives, which, ewing to the greater intervals between its lamps, was comparatively dark. and brought his vehicle to an abrupt halt in the dense shadow of an immense oak. The car had barely stopped before the door was flung open, a man sprang inside, a revolver was pushed into Cieo's face and a hoarse voice warned her, "Not a sound, Miss Burke, if you value your life," Almost simultaneously the driver threw open the other door, and in an instant the terrified girl was securely bound and gagged and the car sped

"She claimed to be a Russian countess." was the answer. "Her name was Ivanoff—Olga Ivanoff."
Hope gave a prolonged whistle of surprise.
"Is she dead?" he demanded.
"Yes." was the reply.
"Is there any objection to my having a word with him?" asked Hope.
"Not in the least," said the insector, and ordered a patrolman to being the prisoner into his office.

vancing until his face was within a few inches of hers and fixing her with his steely eyes, "what you have done with the book on metallurgy?"

"I—I don't know what you mean."
"he stammered.

"Yes you do," snarled Mahlin. "You know the book I mean—the one that that doctor handed you in the restaurant at Sandsboro, just before the carthquake."

"Oh, that book." said Cleo, obviously surprised. "But there was nothing in it—no formula, I mean."

"No matter about the formula, said Mahlin roughly. "Where is the book now? Who has it?"

"I suppose Lieutenant Hope has it," the answered. "At least he brought it back with him from Sandsboro, though I haven't seen it since."

"Are you telling me the truth?" demanded Mahlin, seizing her by the shoulder and staring at her so closely that she qualied.

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"T

submarine invention will be found in a secret drawer under the glass tank of my working model—R. B."

Hope felt that the mystery now was as good as solved. The key was in his hands. Mentally and physically exhausted he threw himself upon the bed, and despite the fears and anxieties that assailed him was almost interest that assailed him was almost interest. So soundly did he of course in cold climates or winter fat

the Japanese. "We must be getting back to town."

When Hope, returning to the hots, with Johnstone, learned from the clark that Cleo had left an hour before, so frantic was the young officery that carried the large of the lining had been been might lead to Cleosothing and grief that carried time the lawer fees and within an hour a score of plain-clothes men were couring the city.

"We're doing overything in our according to the Cleosothing and the promptive communicated with mention and the police and within an hour a score of plain-clothes men were couring the city.

"We're doing overything in our according to the Cleosothing and the covery control of the case now, but it looks to as like a clean getten problem of the covery covery that the covery covery that the covery covery that the covery covery was a sast of the covery covery was a small square of tissue ppace. Drawing on the case now, but it looks to as like a patrol wason backed up the curp and out of it scrambled two policemen escorting a tall and tashionably dressed young man on whose wrists glittered handcuffs."

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed the covery covery the cov

For an hour Hope sat lost in thought. He made up his mind that. OFFENSIVE BREATH — MRS. L. BRITTLE FINGER NAILS—MRS. b. in order to ensure Cleo's eafety, he J. writes: "I read your health column K, H. T. writes: "My finger nails are



Labored English Farce

BY CHARLES DARNTON

During the long hours of her imprisonment Cleo had discovered in the floor of the storehouse a trap-door. She heard a motor-car stop at the end of the wharf and the sound of men rapidly approaching. Terrified, she lowered herself through the trap-door into the water and struck off in the darkness.

On the same morning that the sub-mersible was starting on its trial trip. Hook was strolling aimlessly along

"Come, he said at inst, putting boats works up Carquines straits into himself together. We've no time to Sulsun bay. Besides, these Greeks is loss. He may have escaped aiready.

"Where we goin now, lootenant?" the papers nor have much to do with the Americans."

"Back to town," was the curt re"Waal," assented Hook, "it won't

misself together. "We've no time to lose He may have secaped already."

Where we goin' now, lootenant?"

Saked Hook.

"Back to town," was the curt response, "to get that hell-hound Mah him. He'll tell me what he's done with her or I'll kill him by inches."

"But hadn't we better take a look along the above first?" urged the seaman. "He may've scaped."

"Not a chance," assorted Hope. "Meating their an house within miles. Mahilin's either made away with her, or, what's more likely, he has her hidden some where else and left the clothes here as a blind. This time I'll get the first out of him or he'll wish he'd never been born."

"A piece o' cord twisted around the thumb," olserved Hook, "will make most any one tail."

Dawn was breaking when the car again swung into Panico Street. Hope saw, with a shock, that an amoulance was backed up to the curb in front of No. 1321 and that around it stood several policemen and a small group of curious spectators.

"What's the matter, officer?" he sked, leaping from the car and accosting one of the policemen.

"Murder, sir," he answered divily, "I was passing the end of this street a fer's minutes age when I heard a shot. A moment later a man came out of this house and ran down the street. I took after him, but he got a fer' minutes age when I heard a shot. A moment later a man came out of this house and ran down the street. I took after him, but he great, tired eyes, and, with a sob of the galary from the car and accosting one of the policemen. Then I hurried back her. I was dark downstairs, but there was a light on the floor. He'd been shot through the heart.

"What's the matter, officer?" he should still be a for-yill and the floor. He'd been shot through the heart.

"What add he look like?" asked Hope, though he knew what the answer would be.

"A tail, tim fellow," repiled the policemen. "He looked like a for-link house and ran down the stairs was open and a man was lying on the floor. He'd been shot through the heart.

"What add he look like?" asked Hope, though he knew wh

stands her threw open the down and, stald by the driver, removed the driver, and the properties of the pro

ance, the submersible, having on board a commission of naval officers, left its moorings at the Mare Island yard to submit Dector Burke's invention to a final test. It was understood that if this test proved satisfactory the Government would immediately take steps to acquire the rights to the invention.

On the same morning that the submersible was starting on its trial trip, thook was strolling almiessly along.

mersible was starting on its trial trip. Hook was strolling aimlessly along the water front at San Francisco. As he paused irresolutely at the entrance to his favorite saloon, an acquaint ance, a former shipmate, who, upon leaving the navy had turned boatheaving the sale of the Government. Once our name hailed him. Column Miss Furlong Will Reply to Women testions Regarding Exercise, Diet and Other Preserving Good Health and Good Looks.

BY CHARLES DARNTON

Considered Food of the control of the cont

THE NEW PLAYS © The Evening World's Beauty and Health Column "A Little Bit of Fluff"

Conducted by Pauline Furlong

Through This Column Miss Furlong Will Reply to Women Readers' Questions Regarding Exercise, Diet and Other Means of Preservine Good Health and Good Looks.

if New York Evening World).

In selecting and proportioning foods for daily needs, age, occupation, temperature, season of year and other them. Please tell, me the cause of things should be offensive breath and the cure."

such carelessness in selecting foods.

Of course in cold climates or winter months the opposite rule should be observed, and foods containing high caloric or heating value should be caloric or heating value should be caloric or heating value should be

PAIN AROUND THE HEART—
MRS. ALICE it asks: "What can'l do
for a pain and soreness around the
heart? I certainly enjoy your health
talks and hesitated to write you because I thought you would say that
mine is a medical query."

The pain may be a result of indigestion and you should correct this.
If it continues see a physician.

It is said that poor circulation
causes this. Take exercises for the
hands, finger stretching and wrist
circling and rub the nails with coors
butter each night before retiring.

Where cold baths hesithful to a woman
past fifty five years? I hear so much
about how good they are for tired
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Where cold baths hesithful to a woman
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hands, finger stretching and wrist
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butter each night before retiring. PAIN AROUND THE HEART— In short, the company is undistinguished except for Mr. Garry, whose iris. ALICE B. asks: "What can I do face will be remembered long after "A Little Bit of Fluff" is forgotten.

A NEW MOTION PICTURE SERIAL "THE CRIMSON STAIN MYSTERY" By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE BEGINS IN NEXT FRIDAY'S EVENING WORLD